

Exhibit B - Redacted

Chaya Bornstein

September 4, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

I write this letter on behalf of my special and beloved father, Jacob Daskal, who is soon to appear before you for sentencing. Your Honor, I thought long and hard before writing to you as this terrible case has thrown me into confusion. My father has accepted responsibility for his actions. He has cried and tortured himself with guilt for what he did. But this crime is just not my father. Please let me tell you about the father that I know, and about our family.

Since my childhood, my father's soft-spoken words of care and love have woven a fabric of closeness that has enveloped our entire family and so many others. When there is so much goodness, kindness, and caring packed into one man, it creates a person who almost feels larger than life to all those who are privileged to know him.

I was born into a home full of respect, love and warmth. I drank from the waters of wholesome goodness from as far back as I can remember. My father has always showered us with so much love. He has genuine respect and an intuitive understanding of our physical and emotional needs. He cares for the wellbeing of our mother and us children in a way that's truly above and beyond.

[REDACTED]

How does one tell of the times he knew just what to say, to give, to sing and to play, to bring joy and spread sunshine to us children?

I am the third child in a family of eight children. We grew up in a home surrounded by love and attention which was generously lavished upon us by our devoted parents. I have the most wonderful memories of growing up in a safe and loving environment. This molded me into the wife and mother that I am today. As I nurture and care for my little ones, I know with certainty that I am riding on the modeling of my father.

Your Honor, I am about to share with you a matter that is hidden in the recesses of my mind. Just thinking about it, never mind writing it down, sets

off an intense nervousness in my heart. This goes right back to my schooldays where I was subjected to the worst incessant bullying. I happen to be very, very short, and this brought out the worst in so many of my peers, that I would think what is this all about, and is life worth living. It was so horrible, so demeaning and awful that there were days when I could not bring myself to go to school. I wanted to learn and to excel, but these groups or gangs of girls just seemed to delight in making my life a misery and making me an abject failure in my own eyes even.

The one person who saved my sanity, my heart and my soul was my darling and ever-beloved father. He saw what was happening to me and it broke his heart. He just could not watch me being destroyed. He not only consoled me, but gave me courage and purpose to rise above the viciousness and hatefulness, to deal firmly with the challenges and to appreciate my own worth and talents. He worked so hard at helping me move forward. First, step-by-step, and then gradually increasing the pace, until I could function normally and equally with my peers and more. My father did not just give me confidence and awaken my inner strength, he gave me life and the will to succeed. I am not only happily married to the most fabulous man who loves me for who I am, but we have the most gorgeous and wonderful four kids [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

The growing up and milestones of us children were so important to my father. So, he bought a video camera with which he captured all the important moments. As a teenager, sitting at the kitchen table, my father came up and started filming me. I remember feeling a bit awkward and thinking that this was rather invasive, But now, looking back and viewing those scenes, I see how prescient and perceptive he was to capture special, meaningful and simple daily life memories.

Although we kept our parents busy tending to our needs, my father always found time and energy to help others in our community who were not as fortunate as us. Throughout my childhood my father cared for many needy children as if they were his own. In the middle of any meal, my father was often called for help. Day or night, he would run out. That became normal for us.

I remember so clearly a family going through a very contentious divorce and the children needed a place to stay while things were being sorted out between the parents. So, the kids – two boys - moved in, and I had to give up my room. At the time, I was about 12. We grew up in a house with people going and coming, visitors from out of town, or families who needed a place to stay for a few nights while they found their footing. None of us kids minded if it could help others. I would sleep on the couch and sometimes a couple of us were squeezed into a bed to make room for other people who needed to stay over, that's what my parents taught us was important in life.

My father who is a very emotional person and was often close to tears when hearing the problems of others always reached out to them. Simply, my

father's 'family' extended way beyond the walls of our home. His concern for the community's safety and wellbeing dates back to as far as I can remember. He organized food distributions before every major Jewish holiday to help needy families with supplies that could support a family adequately for over a week. Thus, I grew up with pallets of grape juice, produce and various staples in front of our home, all free for the taking.

There were so many phone calls to which he inevitably responded "Yes, I want to help..." or "Yes, I want to contribute..." People would tell him of families in desperate need of financial aid, and once again he would come forward so generously. Complete strangers would somehow hear about a Mr. Daskal who could help them, and he would.

And then there was 9/11. I was in the 12th grade at the time and I remember how he spent days at Ground Zero. He was among the first responders and would come home covered with dust from head to toe. After the first few days he would go down whenever he was needed.

All his grandchildren (my children included), feel blessed to have Zeidy (grandpa in Yiddish) Daskal. My father spends time a few nights a week studying Talmud with our son [REDACTED], which is a highlight for both of them. Sara goes to see him to discuss her school projects and to get his ideas as she prepares reports. She feels very grown up when he considers her views. As for [REDACTED], like their siblings, going to Zeidy is always a highlight, he is their 'buddy' and friend. Countless games of Rummikub and Scrabble with Zeidy Daskal is a special part of our children's childhood. There's the never-ending candies and prizes, all an outpouring of his genuine love for the children. Somehow his heart has room for each child to find their own spot. Growing up with so much kindness, the grandchildren are satiated with sunshine and joy.


My husband, Shulem, and I cannot even imagine not having that anymore, it will devastate the children. Our family is a very together family. Although I don't live as close to them as do my siblings, our family is constantly going over there. Our kids walk over there straight from school. We go over on Shabbos (the Sabbath) for meals on Friday night and Saturday brunch, and then can walk back to them for the Third Sabbath meal in the late afternoon. Sometimes walking back n forth 3 times and it is a 30 minute walk each way. And yet, no feels it is an inconvenient schlep.

Now my husband Shulem and I have been discussing what's going to happen with the kids when Zeidy will be sent away. How is it going to affect them? How much they're going to miss him. I just cry when I think about it. I recently had a glimpse of it all when I spoke to my oldest two kids, [REDACTED] and told them what was happening and looming ahead. Your Honor, they were just devastated and wept uncontrollably. When I had managed to calm them somewhat, I went to my own room and sat and sobbed over this entire tragedy, for that is what it is.

Your Honor, as I wrote above, I just cannot understand how my father did this, but we must because he pled guilty. But as you can see from what I wrote, this case is not all who my father is. He is beloved and treasured by my mom, all us children, grandchildren, friends and the community at large. It is not possible to know how many broken hearts he has mended over the years and how many downtrodden souls he uplifted. Yes, it is hard to put into words the extent of his caring and kindness or to measure the positive impact that he has had.

Shulem and I respectfully beg Your Honor for leniency and kindness for my darling and special father.

Thank you for your kind consideration,



Chaya Bornstein

Esther Brody

September 13, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

My name is Esther Brody, fourth child and third daughter of my parents Jacob and Bella Daskal. I am very nervous about writing this letter as it deals with my dear father's future and the future of our whole family, including all our children and the grandchildren. I have cried many tears before typing this letter, and I have seen the tears of both my mother and my father, and I am very afraid.

I beg you, Honored Judge, with all my heart, for leniency for my father. I know this is a horrible case, and I readily admit that I am baffled by how my father could've done this. Perhaps if I share my thoughts and feelings, that will become clear, and also for you to understand the kind of person that my dad is.

I would say that the theme of our parents' home that I observed since my childhood is faith, respect, outreach and help. Our father was always a living example of these themes and they became dear to all us children.

On the Sabbath and Festivals there would often be guests – people who would otherwise be alone. I remember as a young girl, two orphaned boys who lived across the road with a great aunt. They both felt comfortable coming to eat with us, especially at the Passover ceremonial seder where they were made to feel part of our family. To be our father's daughter or son was our privilege.

When I was 10, I remember that we had three bedrooms, one for our parents, one for the boys and one for the girls. By the time I got to my teens, my two older sisters were already married and my younger sister and I shared a room. Those two sisters lived nearby and there was always a togetherness in our family. They are now marrying off their children, and so there are always people in and out of our parents' home. All of the children and grandchildren want to be with my parents, my father in particular, because he is always so filled with love and joy when family is around.

Bread and bakeries fill my earliest memories and had an immense impact on my life. Those earliest memories are of my father going on Thursdays and Fridays to Weiss Bakery and then Shloimy's Bakery. It wasn't about buying bread for the Sabbath, but him helping out the owners at their busiest time and then carting a car full of left over breads and other baked goods for poor families and patients in the local hospitals. Hundreds or *thousands of families have had enough to eat on the Sabbath because of the quiet, dependable work of my father.* He did this for thirty years and still supervises it until today. At one time when my father was on crutches, I helped him schlep boxes of bread. My father's distribution of bread to the poor week after week has not stopped. Nowadays, my brother Chaim and my husband, Samuel, go to collect them from the bakery and brings them back to my father to arrange the distribution. The baked goods were also shared with service organizations in Williamsburg, the Square Talmud Torah school and the Satmar Bikur Cholim Society for distribution at hospitals in the Five Boroughs.


When it came to Passover, my father would bring piles and pallets of food to the house and people would come to collect it. We are talking about *hundreds of families lining up to get food for their families for the 9-day festival.* When I was 10 or 12 during the festival of Succos (Booths), the 66th precinct caught somebody stealing from houses in Boro Park while the families were celebrating in the Booths outside their homes. My father was called to help deal with the matter. But as with the Sabbath, observant Jews do not drive on the festival, so he had to walk to the Precinct, and I walked with him, and it was quite late at night. That is what my father does for others. Over the years, he helped so many people, always busy with the needs of the community.

My husband and I and our family live just around the corner from my parents. The kids go to be with Zaidy and Bubby (grandpa and grandma in Yiddish) almost every day, but especially every Sabbath (Saturday) morning *after services at 11:30 like clockwork every week. The only time that they skipped was when we went away for a weekend.* My older children, walking on the way home from school, detour and go to visit him – either to chat (he's their best friend) or for help with homework or reviews. He is so much part of their lives. And it is not like that just with his own grandchildren. He recently helped a neighbor's boy prepare for his test before his bar mitzvah.

If my father has to go to jail, I just do not know how the children will react. He is the central pillar of their lives. It will be so hard for them – [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] I can't even bear to think about the heartbreak of explaining to them that he won't be around.

I appreciate that lives were damaged by my father's actions. I was there when he pled guilty. I have spent many nights praying for healing and hope, and my heart is sore. I know my father's is too. I have been with him as he has cried over the immense pain he has caused, and he has told me how he wishes he could make amends for his actions. I know he would never ask for leniency, since he just wants to own his actions. But as his daughter, I ask Your Honor to show whatever leniency is possible, and have mercy on our family.

Prayerfully,


Esther Brody

Barry Daskal



September 5, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

I am 61 and the fourth child of six in the Daskal family and I am different from my siblings. I do not speak to any of them, not by choice, except for Jacob and my youngest brother Aron. I happen to be a very family oriented person, and in this letter it will become clear as to what unfortunately took place. My late father and mother are both Holocaust survivors and I have not spoken to them for years. They never spoke about their Holocaust experiences, certainly not my father, and there were few stories from my mother.

My parents were very strict, and my father was I believe, aside from any such experiences, an unstable person. If a person treated a child to day as he did to me, he would either be placed in a ward or arrested. He would beat me up mercilessly that I couldn't even sit if I tried. I readily admit that I may not have behaved in a way that he might not have approved of, but the reaction was beyond reason. On one occasion when he did it for no apparent reason, I asked him why, and his response was in Yiddish, "You want there to be even a reason for why I should do it?" My siblings, including Jacob, were also beaten terribly by my father.

The impact on my life was such that my fear of him was such that I walked around with perpetual stomach aches from the tension. That's how I lived until I was sixteen and a half. That was when he hit me for the last time, because I forcefully slapped him back and told him that if he touched me again I would kill him. From that time, he refused to speak to me. Sometime later, a relative of my brother-in-law came to the house and needed something and couldn't find it. He asked my father who said that he didn't know and the gentleman asked why don't you ask Berel (Barry), and he had no option but to speak to me and ask.

When I was 19, my father arranged a marriage for me. That's how it was done. I was from New York and she was from Montreal, so we did not even date. When I told my father that I was getting divorced, he said to me you should know I don't have six children, I have just five. He told me that to my face!

I was married for 10 years and we had four kids. In those days in the Hassidic community, divorce was relatively unknown. People just stuck it out. Well, we finally got divorced. It was an empty relationship. I raised my kids and, sadly, none of them have anything to do with any of my siblings. They don't even know who they are. My father put an embargo on my siblings from talking to me. If they would have been found dealing with me, he would've cut them off immediately.

However, my oldest brother, Jacob, never broke off connection with me, and my father never knew about it. When I made a bar mitzvah for my son, this was after the divorce, my parents were in Israel and my siblings attended. However, my oldest brother in law Menachem Kallish, who was my father's favorite, was also there. Since he showed up at the bar mitzvah, my father didn't speak to him for a year. That is just how controlling he was. Menachem is a very good man, very kind.

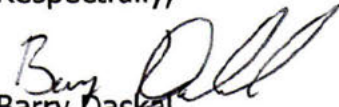
I have changed since those days and I do not dress or look like a Hassid and I work as a life coach. I suppose I can be called the black sheep of the family.

I must say that I always felt close to Jacob, and despite my father's ban he always spoke to me and never broke off relations with me. We are still close and I'm very grateful to him. We did good things together and we even did business together. Allow me to say that I feel that my father, even though he went through the Holocaust, he was a control freak and if something ever went wrong I was the one who used to be blamed. I do not have enough ink to write all that took place to me through my childhood growing up.

Your Honor, I understand that my brother pleaded guilty in this case. I have to say that I cannot believe that he even got involved in such a situation but he did plead guilty. I believe that these last five years since his arrest, the suffering, the embarrassment and total shame that Jacob has gone through is already a significant punishment. I see him like a dead person - no matter what he does, where and when he goes, he's got this black mark hanging over him and it will always be there.

I really feel for my brother's pain because he is a really good person. If he could go against the harsh decree of our father towards me, he is really special. Allow me to say that he is worthy of consideration and help just as he has helped so many other people with never a thought of reward or acknowledgement.

Respectfully,


Barry Daskal

Bella Daskal



The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

September 13, 2023

Dear Judge Garaufis:

My name is Bella Daskal, wife of Jacob Daskal, born and raised in Boro Park, Brooklyn. I am the youngest of three with an older brother and sister.

Your Honor, I tremble and cry as I write these words to you three days before the Day of Judgment that is our Jewish New Year. Our tradition tells us that on that day, all mankind come before G-d and the deeds of every single person are reviewed by the Heavenly Court. This year, it can only have increased and frightening meaning for Jacob, for me and our family.

These years since Jacob's case began have been a nightmare. Sleepless nights and pillows stained with tears have been regular fare when we are alone. How many times I wake up and find Jacob sitting on the side of his bed sobbing and berating himself for the damage he caused. This has poisoned so much of the beauty and good that has been our home.

Your Honor, please hear and consider the words of my broken heart as I beseech you for your help and kindness. I do not make any excuses for Jacob's actions – I simply do not understand how it was at all possible. I really don't, even though he pleaded guilty, and I know how he has spent years living with shame and regret for his actions. We have lived a good life, an honest life, and a G-d-fearing life. It has been one where my husband, who I love unconditionally, has done so much good and helped so many. For some forty years, day after day, year in and year out, his actions and care for others have brought honor and respect to our community and our faith.

And now that he faces sentencing and the horror of more than a decade of incarceration stands before him and our family, I am beside myself with fear and desperation. I walk around our apartment feeling a looming specter of deathlike emptiness, until I just want to scream in pain. I beseech you to help offer some relief to us and leniency to Jacob that you can by law.

Kindly allow me to share some family background. I am a child of holocaust survivors who had awful and harrowing experiences under the Nazis. Yet my parents viewed themselves as "survivors", never as victims. They had time-tested 'old

fashioned' values of right and wrong, and taught us to live with dignity and self-respect. They were always very gentle with us children.

In our community, we typically meet our spouses through arranged meetings. A friend makes a suggestion that is carefully vetted by the parents. If the potential individual passes muster, a meeting will be set up. After a few meetings, the couple will assess whether they feel comfortable enough with each other to head into marriage with all that such a relationship entails.

After my parents gave their approval, I met Jacob. We quickly decided that our parents had chosen well. Our engagement and wedding followed. [REDACTED] Jacob and I celebrated 44 years of marriage. My parents liked and respected Jacob and he was always very courteous and respectful to them. They were elderly and he was always glad to help them with whatever they needed. We have eight beautiful children together. Jacob loves and cares for each one of them. He has set a good example of what it means to be a good husband, father, and community member. Growing up, they observed firsthand how respectful and caring Jacob was to me and the respect he accorded my parents and to his parents.

My parents were already in their sixties when we married. They had both lost their spouses and children in the Holocaust and started a new family when they came to America and started afresh. I am their youngest child. Over the years, any time they needed help, such as furniture to be moved, as takes place before Passover, or packages to be carried, Jacob would be there to help them. There was no task that was too hard or inconvenient. And if they needed financial assistance, he was there to help as well, no less than he would do for his own parents. In the course of time, each of them spent time in hospital and, like a son, Jacob would take on a shift to be with them overnight. Always addressing them respectfully and regularly bringing them flowers or a box of treats, Jacob brought pleasure to their lives.

His parents lived in Williamsburg which is a shlep from Boro Park. His father was a wholesaler of religious scholarly books from Israel, and when shipments would arrive in pallets left in front of his house, Jacob would leave work, go to Williamsburg to unload them and stack them in the garage where they were stored. Often, his brother would assist him in the task. For many years, local deliveries or even to collect payments from the book stores and to bring them through to his father was always done without any complaint and resentment. Jacob felt that all this schlepping was his privilege to honor our parents.

Our children all saw how Jacob has helped me. I have severe back problems and cannot lift heavy packages or carry even smaller packages for long distances. As a result, for all the years, Jacob has done the shopping for all the household needs and groceries etc. Our children saw Jacob's conduct and all learned how to help around the house and help others – conduct that they brought into their own homes and inculcated into their own children.

They also witnessed Jacob's warm interactions with his siblings, and they learned the value of family. All our children are happily married with beautiful families of their own, and we are not only grandparents, but great-grandparents. Jacob always babysits when needed. It is fortunate that his office is downstairs in our house, so that if any of our children have doctor or other such appointments, Zaide (grandpa) makes himself available. He will get down on the floor and play games with them and give them their meals or treats, and as they grow older, they come to him for help with their studies and homework. Many of them come to see him every day on their way home from school, as well as on the Sabbath.

Jacob worked hard to support us, sometimes juggling a few different jobs so that we should be financially stable. Our children took note of their father's strong work ethic. I have worked side by side with Jacob for decades, and he is respectful of everyone with whom he comes in contact. He enjoys good relationships with colleagues, neighbors and even the UPS and other delivery personnel. Our children have carried this over into their own lives. Whether they are homemakers, entrepreneurs, renters or homeowners, our children work hard at whatever they do. This is due in great part to the good habits they developed while being raised by a man who promoted these ideals.

His decades of devoted service to the Shomrim organization, a private, Orthodox Jewish crime-patrol group associated with the New York Police Department was a day-to-day example of looking out for others and helping them. There was almost no meal that was not interrupted by a call and which often turned into an emergency and Jacob had to run out.

Jacob helped in the community by personally going out collecting and distributing food to the needy – including patients in hospitals that required kosher food, their families who didn't have what to eat, and soup kitchen organizations. His weekly collection project has been ongoing for over twenty years. It has been a source of comfort to, literally, hundreds of families and individuals. Even today, on our block alone, there are nine families that he helps and another five in the building that he manages. Aside from many families that we know of, Jacob gets lists from the service organizations regarding families that need help. It can average 30-40 families a week, and many more before Jewish holidays. Many of these families are blessed with 6-plus children, but do not have sufficient funds or food for them. This is especially felt over the Sabbath when it is customary to make a special effort to welcome the "Sabbath Queen".

The food is mostly picked up from bakeries and food establishments – most donated, and the rest purchased by Jacob. He would then take the food home and sort it for distribution. At these bakeries and stores, Jacob and our son Solomon would often volunteer to help the owner serve the customers during the Friday rush. During this time that Jacob is not free to go out to these places and deliveries, our sons Chaim and Solomon do the pick-ups and distribution. There is another aspect to this activity and that is helping families of patients in the local hospitals, usually last-minute, and who are at the hospitals over the Sabbath. Due to their religious restrictions, they cannot drive

anywhere to get food, nor are any kosher establishments open. Jacob is informed about such people and arranges 'last minute' packages of three Sabbath meals for each of them. This kind of commitment has been the example that Jacob set in our home and which our children have followed. We are proud that they are upstanding members of their communities.

Jacob takes care of his elderly mother. She, too, is a holocaust survivor, and she lives in Williamsburg. He calls her every day. Some days he calls her multiple times, just to see how she is doing and if there is anything that she needs. Before this case he would take her to all her doctor and other appointments, as well as to do her shopping. She has regular physical therapy, and the transportation back and forth is very difficult and by car service that is often unreliable. Jacob's siblings don't readily have reliable transportation and their jobs do not allow them the flexibility that Jacob had. She comes to spend most of the Sabbaths (Friday evening to Saturday night) with us so that she can be surrounded by her children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great grandchildren, and Jacob waits on her.

This entire episode of this case has been an almost insurmountable challenge to face and to deal with. Despite this most difficult challenge, I resolved, as did Jacob, to try and make amends and move forward as best as possible and to pray for G-d's guidance. For me, to even contemplate that Jacob will not be at home nor able to bid good night, is devastating.

[REDACTED]

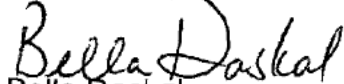
[REDACTED]

Your Honor, I have tried to describe the person that Jacob is and his incredible care and outreach to others and some insight into our family. The pain of others is his pain, and their cares are his. Jacob has always been like that. As I wrote above, I cannot even venture to comment on this case. I just do not understand it. This is not my

Jacob. What I do know is that he is broken because of the harm he has caused and so am I.

I respectfully ask you, Judge Garaufis, from the bottom of my heart and beg you from the depths of my soul to show whatever leniency that is permitted you by law. It is all too much, and a tragedy for all involved. May the healing begin and may you be blessed in your deliberations.

In prayer and tear,


Bella Daskal

Benzion Daskal



September 20, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

It is with a great lump in my throat that I write to you about my beloved father, Jacob Daskal. I am the sixth child in the family and 33 years old and the owner of a printing business. As I understand, my father's future senior years are about to be decided by Your Honor.

This is the High Holy Days period in the Jewish calendar, and we find ourselves between the Day of Judgement and the Day of Atonement, a time that makes this solemn and frightening event before the Court infused with even more gravity. My father and mother and the whole family are filled with dread and fear. I try to go past their home as often as I can, and I see how much he and my mother have aged in mere months. It is frightening as they contemplate their future and what should be their golden years.

It is all so very sad. The plight of the young woman and her fears and those of her family. My parents and the entire family and the questions and pain at what happened involving our beloved father who has always been a pillar of strength and decency – it just doesn't make sense. I would like to shout that it cannot be, but he pled guilty, and that says something. What I do know is that my father sits in regret upon regret, literally crying about what happened and what he has brought down on the heads of our family. I see him, and my heart breaks for him, because despite this awful deed, he is a very good man and who has lived a life of doing good things through to saving people, every single day.

If I had to describe my father, it would be the man with the golden heart. I have never known him to turn away anyone who reaches out to him. People came to our house, to speak and get encouragement, to satiate their hunger and quench their thirst, to collect food or to get material help. Some even needed a place to sleep or even to stay. That's how I remember home throughout my life.

My dad helped them make their lives easier and better. He was especially touched by the plight of children here and abroad. He visited Eastern Europe and saw the suffering and difficulties of the Jewish communities there and tried to make a difference to their plight. I believe that he had an impact there. Those communities were blocks and blocks of Holocaust survivors, as were his parents who came to America as such survivors.

In every Jewish home, the Passover seder (celebration) is very moving and a center feature of the family's year. But to us at the Daskal home, the week or two before was the great experience, and the family seder was the cherry on the top. In our home, the build-up of pallets of food – bags of carrots and potatoes and fruit, hundreds and hundreds of boxes of matzo, crates

and crates of eggs and hundreds of boxes of grape juice for the ceremony and even perishables like chicken were stacked in front of our house. Poor people or families who just could not afford the extra expense at that time were grateful that our father could ease their burden. I would go with him to arrange for donations of goods at stores and wholesalers, to get friends and philanthropists to contribute and my father, aside from arranging it all, made a sizeable contribution. Every year, for some thirty years, this has been an annual 'ritual of help' at our front door. He makes a difference in all their lives. If there was not enough food he would get more.

9/11 – I was a kid at that time and I remember my father returning home wearing a hardhat and covered in white dust from top to toe. He kept going back with the first responders, and then when needed. There were other manhunts for kids that were missing and kidnapped in which he participated, and was away from home. Sometimes there were happy endings.

My father going to prison for an extended time will rip apart the family as we are all very close. My siblings and I visit with him so very often. He is the center point of the entire family. His insights and thoughts and opinions make such a difference to our lives. My own kids regularly go to Zaidy - especially on Fridays or Sundays when he plays with them and they can enjoy being with him and always have a great time. When my [REDACTED] went to a sleepaway camp for the first time this last summer, he used to call my father every Friday.

I have tried to give Your Honor some insight into my father as he has been over all the years. I do not understand what happened in this case and can only understand that this is an aberration in his exemplary life.

I beg for your leniency,


Benzion Daskal

CHAIM & RAIZY DASKAL

[REDACTED]

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

September 8th, 2023

Dear Judge Garaufis:

This is the most difficult letter that I have ever had to write, and under the worst personal circumstances. A first-born son writing to a Federal Judge, and pleading on behalf of a most beloved father who means the world to me, to my wife, and to all our children. In my worst nightmare, I could not imagine doing so.

Your Honor, my siblings and I grew up in the most wonderful, warm and loving home, which we all can only hope to emulate. My wife and I are married close to 23 years and as time has gone by and we have been involved in establishing our home and parenting a household of nine children, the oldest is twenty-two and married, I appreciate all the continued efforts of my parents.

Allow me to say that my father is an exceptional human being who instilled a lot of good character traits in his children. Part of being the oldest in a large family was to be able to watch how he disciplined my younger siblings. It was always with care and love and the emphasis on 'proper behavior'. Never did he do anything inappropriate or hyper-strict. His way was that of time and patience. Thus, as parents, we try to emulate that same care and love. Frankly, we are in awe how he did it so successfully with all eight children.

However, that same kindness and patience he extended to others outside of the family and to perfect strangers who needed help. That help ranged from feeding families, many of them large families, who had no food; people who were down on their luck and could not afford even the barest of necessities; people who needed a listening ear or advice or referrals to various professionals. My father was like a one-man service center. As can be imagined, all this took up an inordinate amount of time and attention. A minimum of half his waking hours was spent on these outreach activities, and the rest on being a family person and work. Yet, we all learned to understand and appreciate that he was not taking time from us. Rather, it was part of the privilege of community service and outreach that would one day become our legacy.

All the above aside, my father is a fun-loving individual with whom others love interacting – adults and children. The times that we spent together as children were the best. When I see how he interacts with all our children and grandchildren, it brings back warm and happy memories. They all just love spending time with Zaidy (grandpa in Yiddish). They want to stay on with him, and when we leave they keep asking when we will be going again.

They also love it when he comes to our house. They keep asking when he will be allowed to come again. And he has a bond with each grandchild and he makes each child feel like an only grandchild. He plays with them, reviews their schoolwork with them and listens to all

their stories with full attention. In fact, he is like their best friend. While he interacts with them he often discusses responsibilities proper life skills and rules.

When our siblings and friends go on vacation, or have a baby, their children come to stay with us, and the children love coming over. Like my parents, our style is open house and every guest feels like someone very special. Like our children, the guest children also love spending time with Zaidy Daskal, his happy personality, his candies, cookies and cute gifts. His is a fun place for them all.

Over the years, many people have approached us and thanked us for the good deeds my father did for them - providing them with necessities, and basic support. They say they don't know what they would of done without him. He has been there for 'everyone'. It is often the little things he does for us that help people live and build solid families.

Wherever we go, people compliment my kids for their manners. Happily, our children are very giving and not selfish, and always help where they go. Well, Zaidy Daskal gets the credit for instilling this in his children, and we try to follow suit.

During this time that my father has been under house arrest, we had several family celebrations that he was not able to attend. However, for one of them, the wedding of our daughter, his first grandchild, he did get permission and for which we are very grateful even though we had to cut the wedding celebration short as he had to adhere to a curfew. Our weddings are followed by daily celebrations for a week and unfortunately, he was not permitted to attend them. A year later, when our daughter gave birth [REDACTED] he was not permitted to attend the Redemption of the First-Born ceremony and service. His absence, even though he was close by was very painful for the entire family. This appears to be a harbinger of what lies ahead with incarceration, his absence at every family milestone and celebration, and we are all truly distraught at the prospect.

[REDACTED] On her behalf, and on behalf of my father, who today is a broken man, my wife, Raizy, all my siblings and their spouses, we beg Your Honor to temper your sentencing with whatever leniency you are permitted by law. Please have mercy on us and our father's precious grandchildren.

Thank you for your consideration,


Chaim Joseph Daskal

SOLOMON DASKAL

September 5, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

My name is Solomon (Shloimy) Daskal, seventh child and fourth son of Jacob and Bella Daskal. I am the owner of a wholesale apparel business and recently also assist my father with his management business.

Throughout the years since I was 6 years old I have always seen my father as a person constantly helping others. He was always a known activist in the community answering calls that kept coming, dealing with problems of individuals and families. Of course, I do not know much of the details because these were private and confidential.

Even today I still help with what he does for different causes and I make myself available to do so. He would often go out, even in the middle of a meal to help people coming personally to seek his assistance.

Almost every Friday as a young boy, I would tag along with my father to a local bakery where he would help out from noon to closing time before the Sabbath – in winter until 3:00 or 3:30 and in summer until 6:30 or 7:00. Friday is always the busiest day in a kosher bakery as people buy their needs for the Sabbath, which begins at sundown on Friday through to nightfall on Saturday. There we would help out the owner with whatever was needed in the store. Most often it was waiting on the customers.

At the end of the day, the baker would give us all the extras – breads and baked goods (bread, challah, cakes, danishes, cookies, etc) for my father to distribute to poor families, hospital patients and to organizations in Boro Park that had a wide distribution network. He also gave to the Bikkur Cholim Org. (serving the sick and housebound) at the Maimonides hospital. Every week my father invests hours in making sure sick patients and poor families have enough to eat, and can benefit from the bread that would otherwise go to waste. I loved going along with him as a kid, and he continues this work until today. Now my siblings go to the bakery to bring him the goods so he could distribute them. He has been doing this weekly activity for over thirty years!

My father made a priority of showing his children, not just telling us, the importance of community work. Years ago, a neighbor [REDACTED] opened a deli [REDACTED], and he went to work with him on Fridays to help a struggling local businessman ensure he could get his business off the ground. While my father would serve customer (at no cost to the owner) if he would serve a customer that had a balance and wasn't able to pay, he would take out his own credit card and clear the customers balance. Another of my brothers would do the bakery run and bring home the baked goods. First it was Weiss Bakery and the Shloimy's bakery. They both felt honored to be 'partners' with my father in this endeavor of kindness.

But helping [REDACTED] wasn't my father's only goal, he also ensured he and [REDACTED] could help the wider community. At the end of the day on Friday, [REDACTED] would put together two big

packages of food for my father to distribute among the poor. Knowing [REDACTED] financial situation, my father never took those packages at no cost. He made sure that even if there was a consideration discount that it was on the retail price. Some of the goods would go to the Bikkur Cholim servicing the Maimonides hospital. I would sometimes go to pick up the packages and drop them off where and when they were needed.

Every year at Passover time, my father organized a group of volunteers to work with the Met Council organization to help with food distribution. There were hundreds of families who did not have the means to feed their large families adequately over the 8-day Passover festival. An average family in our community has six children. Met Council footed a significant portion of the bill, and my father would pay for the shortfall and also encouraged others in the community to participate. The volunteers my father organized would help give out the packages filled with food and supplies for the holiday..

At the same time, there were many families who were too embarrassed to stand in lines to collect their food packages. The people trusted my father to be sensitive, and deliveries were done in the way that there should be no embarrassment for these families. My father was very conscious of their feelings and arranged for them to collect their packages at specific times at our home, or we would drive them over to their homes. Before I could drive, I would push a hand truck in the street with the deliveries to people's homes.

My father was always sensitive to people who needed a second chance in life, whether it was to get the right kind of job or help in starting up a business. He would encourage people to give these beginners a chance. He had contacts in the building industry and also helped them find work in buildings that he managed.

I remember a case of a young married man a friend of mine, [REDACTED], with two little kids who had learned tiling and was desperately trying to break in to the industry. My father hired him to do a job. I happened to overhear [REDACTED] saying that he had totally under charged my father for the job that he was doing, but because he was a new in the industry he was doing everything at cost. This was, apparently one of his first jobs. I told my father what I overheard. My father called [REDACTED] in and told him, "Whatever price you have, I want it to be fair market price but I will not let you work for me for free or for no profit. You have a family to look after, as we all do." And he would not let him continue until he revised his contract price. I personally delivered the check from my father to Moshe paying him full price making sure he made a profit.

[REDACTED] went on to become very successful and does tiling in large commercial properties. To this day, if I or my father call him about a project he will make a point of taking on whatever task we need and puts other things on the side. He told me: "Your dad saved my life. He gave me the chance of a lifetime and really wanted me to succeed. You guys helped me when I was struggling and I will never forget it." Recently, when I was doing work on my new, I called [REDACTED] to ask if he could recommend somebody who does residential work. Your Honor, it was just a small job of a few hundred square-feet, not something [REDACTED] would normally do.. But [REDACTED] insisted on doing the job for me. I told him that it's not his regular high-end or commercial job... But he would not listen. He ended up doing it for me, telling me yet again, "I have gratitude for the chance your father gave me".

There are many such stories about what my father has done for others that I could tell the Court, but I don't want to take up your time just to recount one after the other. It isn't only with regard to money where he helps people. Many came for advice or to talk through problems. The main thing was that he always gave of his time and of himself.

A friend of mine [REDACTED] has a kid who was very delayed in his development and had many different therapies. These therapies are not covered by insurance and is very expensive. [REDACTED] father came to speak to my father to see if he could help. And help him he did. My father arranged for the kid to be able to attend a special school where they help delayed kid s, and also helped him get a regular stipend to pay for this [REDACTED] is so grateful for the stability that my father helped achieve for his child. There were others to whom my father lent money (interest free) - to young people trying to start out. Sometimes he knew that there may be little chance of getting the loan repaid, but he felt that giving people hope and a chance was always worth it.

My father would not discuss much of his community work at home. People's problems and challenges were to be regarded as highly confidential. So, what I know of the many good things that he did there and if I did not observe it myself, is from others. He spent many, many hours per week on this volunteer work helping community members encountering difficult times in their lives, during the day and into the night. When we would walk to and from synagogue on the Sabbath - three times a day - there were always people coming over greeting him and often saying thank you for what you did for me.

I have written all the above to endeavor to give Your Honor information of the person that my father is and an idea of all the good that he does. This whole case is different than everything else my father has done in his life. This whole case and how it happened is so confusing and heartbreaking for our whole family.

During the entire time of this case, I have escorted my father to all his meetings with the attorneys and accompanied him to the court hearings. He is truly a broken man. Often, when he sits in my office in one of the buildings that he manages and where he has permission to go, he breaks down in tears. I can only wonder at the number of tears that he has shed over this case. So many times he has said to me "I've done so much harm, it's hard to live with the wrong I've done and the pain I've caused so many, the pain I've caused my family." My father has told me over and over how he wishes he could show people just how much he regrets his actions.

My father is going to sit in jail, and it will be a terrible loss to my mother and the entire family. He is the central pillar of the family. I have learned all my life's lessons from him - how to act, how to help others, how to give charity. I remember when I first went out to work, he would say to me: it's not easy out there. Life can be and is hard. If you need help, ask me. My father is so central to all of us that when [REDACTED] sees my cell phone, he will try to grab it and says Zadie, Zadie (grandfather) as if he wants to call my father. When we take our children over there, the little ones are only too quick to go into his arms and to be held by him.

Even beggars sitting on the sidewalk on 13th Avenue call out to him by name. I have seen it time and again. You may ask why? Because he will not pass by a beggar. In fact, he will stop, give some money and take the time to speak with them and console them and give them some hope.

Your Honor, I can only implore you to please deal kindly with my beloved father.

My heart is broken, too.

S. Daskal
Solomon Daskal

Pearl (Daskal) Dembitzer

[REDACTED]

Honorable Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

September 5, 2023

Dear Judge Garaufis,

It is so difficult to know where to begin as a daughter approaching the person who holds her father's life and future in his hands. For while the ultimate fate of my dear and beloved father lies in the hands of the Almighty Judge, He has bestowed the earthly power to judge upon you, Your Honor.

Therefore, just as I beseech G-d in my prayers, **I beseech you – please show mercy or leniency that is permitted you!** Let me say at the outset that I know my father has pled guilty and accepts responsibility for what was done. At the same time, while I accept that, I confess that I do not understand how my father, about whom I write to you, could have done such a deed.

My father, Jacob Daskal, is the most wonderful, giving and dependable person one could hope to meet. As a father, as a beloved *Zeidy* (grandfather), as a member of our community, he shows tremendous compassion, care and kindness to all. My parents raised us eight children in a home steeped with values. We learned by example to share what we have with the less fortunate; to give to others with an open hand; to sacrifice our own comfort so that they can have what they might need.

Our home was always an open house, modeled on that of Abraham of the Bible and our guests knew they would always find food, compassion and shelter under the Daskal roof. There were tens of people who regularly ate at our table. Many of them those whom others would not want in their homes. Yet my parents treated each one with kindness and sensitivity, and my father waited on them. Our parents taught us to see the human being behind the mask of poor hygiene, bad manners, and unpleasantness.

This hospitality extended to their summer home [REDACTED]. My parents gave up their privacy and peace of mind so that their grandchildren could spend time with cousins. Like they did year-round in Brooklyn, they made space for people who were not part of the family, so that they, too could enjoy the country experience.

I often wondered how my parents put up with the noise, mess, and disruption to normal life that lasted all summer. Things could get so hectic, and the place so crowded. The only way I could conduct a private conversation with my husband without being overheard was to escape to our own car.

Guests who know our family for decades, have only the best to say of my father and, certainly, none can recall even the slightest instance of untoward behavior. They all feel like members of an extended Daskal family.

As for my own family, we are all extremely close to my father. We live only two blocks away, and my parents' home is almost an extension of my own, with my children spending nearly as much time there as in our own home. My father is an extremely involved grandfather. He helps the children with their homework, and is always available for a serious discussion, light banter, playing games, or anything they might need.

My husband, Leiby, is extremely close to my father, and is impressed again and again at his insights, and at the generosity and goodwill that he shows to everyone he meets. Leiby has joined my father in many of his acts of kindness, and witnessed firsthand the way strangers approach him in the street to ask for assistance. My father always shared his money and knowledge with anyone who asked. In the years since my father's house arrest, Leiby has been lonely on his walks home from prayer services on the Sabbath and holidays.

Our six children are shocked and devastated at the thought that their dear, beloved Zeidy, who is the kindest, most wonderful person they know, could be incarcerated.

Son - Shloime (20) is studying in yeshiva in Israel, calls my father each week. He weeps at the thought of losing his confidant and role model. "It can't be!" he says. "This can't be happening!"

Daughter - Tzila (18) is inconsolable. "Zeidy is everything to me," she cries. "How am I going to get married, without Zeidy? What if he can't be at my wedding?" I can only cry along with her.

Son - [REDACTED] is also studying in yeshiva in Israel, says, "I've been preparing special thoughts to share with Zeidy on my next visit home. If something happens to him, nothing will ever be the same again. No Shabbos, no Chanukah party, no Passover Seder, nothing."

Son - [REDACTED] is trying to be strong, but his worry is consuming him. He is at a vulnerable age, and I am afraid for his emotional wellbeing.

Daughter - [REDACTED] is bewildered at the change in our household, and has lost the spark in her eyes.

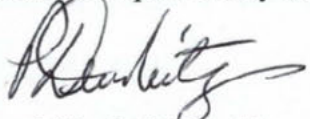
Daughter - [REDACTED] As of now, she doesn't know about the threat hanging over our family. She is still carefree, and I shudder to think of what she will say when we tell her that her Zeidy won't be home for the foreseeable future.

And then there is my dear mother, my father's life-partner in all his good deeds. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Judge Garaufis, my father's fate, and the fate of our entire family, rests in your hands. I plead that you show leniency and understanding your sentencing. Kindly emulate the the G-d of justice and compassion and consider the total regret and acceptance of responsibility by my beloved father.

From the depths of my heart,



Pearl (Daskal) Dembitzer

Rose Teitelbaum

[REDACTED]

August 29, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis,

Dear Judge Garaufis:

My name is Rose Teitelbaum, second to youngest daughter of Jacob Daskal. I am married to Manuel Teitelbaum and we have 4 wonderful children [REDACTED]

I write to you in desperation and disbelief about what has happened with my beloved father. I am devastated about this case to even think that he could have been involved in such a matter, but I must accept it because he pled guilty. Allow me to tell you about my father and you will understand my quandary because of the exceptional person that he is.

From a young age, I knew that my father was a unique and special person. While he was my real biological father, I soon realized that he was also a 'father' to many people beyond my siblings and me. The suffering, life-problems and worries of others became his problems and he helped people solve them.

My father has devoted his life to helping others, both physically and financially. This was very much in evidence in his volunteerism to literally feed the hungry – for many years, every week he collected boxes and boxes of bread and baked goods from bakeries, fruit, vegetables and prepared foods from groceries and delis to feed local poor families and to supply organizations who fed the poor and patients in NY hospitals and their families who required kosher food. He was always on call to help people who found themselves in difficult situations and needed urgent help or support.

And then there were significant emergencies, such as 9/11. The planes had no sooner crashed into the Twin Towers and my father received a call, and he was on his way – a true first-responder. He tearfully kissed us goodbye not knowing what lay ahead. He was prepared to sacrifice his life and health to help others. He supplied and personally handed out gas masks so that other rescue workers at the scene could stay safe. (I have included some pictures of him and his colleagues at Ground Zero.)

Many of my father's actions are long forgotten, and many others were not publicly known, as he often acted discreetly to spare the needy additional shame and embarrassment. My father never sought recognition of his communal work and did not look for credit. He just helped others in a humble manner.

It is said that if you want to know someone's character, just watch his interaction with his young grandchildren. Well, my children are just crazy about Zaidy (grandpa). He gets down on the floor to play with them and they have the best time together. The proverbial candies and snacks, as well as little prizes are an added attraction. My children go to visit my dad and mom three or four times a week.

I recently told my son, [REDACTED], about my father's upcoming sentencing and the specter of prison time and he was completely devastated. Where is he going to be? Am I not going to see him? My father drops everything for the kids. [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Such an important part of the growing up of these children is being with their grandfather.

I remember growing up and how much he was so 'hands-on' during the intermediate days of our festivals when he would take us to the different parks. He had birds in our house to teach us to relate with animals. He would also let them fly around the house so that we could interact with them. Saturday nights he would play games such as boggle, and we went from game to game. He helped us with homework - and he studied with us to make sure that we completed all our work.

Your Honor, I have tried to describe who my father is, and could write so much more. This case is a black mark on his otherwise good and decent life. The case is unthinkable, but does it erase all of the good he has done in the world? I admit that I just cannot understand how my father did this crime. But I see how broken he is from it all and his absolute regret and shame. He has suffered and will continue to suffer for the rest of his life. And I feel so bad for the girl involved and what she must be going through.

I appeal for whatever leniency you can grant my father, And I ask for your mercy for my dearest mother who has her own significant medical issues. It is all a terrible tragedy.

Sincerely,



Rose Teitelbaum



I can never forget that tearful day
he heroically joined the rescue team
during the 9/11 terrorist attack
My father tearfully kissed us and said
goodbye explaining that his return
was doubtful.
He sacrificed the potential loss of his life
to help others. To him, his life was not
worthliving if he was not giving.
He supplied and personally handed
out gas masks so that
other rescue workers at the scene
can stay safe.
This story is just one among millions
of others.

Sara Weiss



September 4, 2023

The Hon. Judge Nicholas G. Garaufis

Dear Judge Garaufis:

I am the youngest of the Daskal children and work part time in the back office of a group dealing with children with special needs and who are developmentally delayed. My husband is a Board-Certified Behavior Analyst. We are married for seven years - [REDACTED]

As a rule, I would be excited to write all about my father, because he has always been my hero. What he has achieved and the hundreds of people that he has helped in so many ways, would make any daughter burst with pride. His selflessness and outreach, whether to his children, grandchildren or to strangers is just remarkable.

But Your Honor, it is between sobs that I write to a Judge of the Federal Court involving the worst case that a daughter could imagine. I know that my father pleaded guilty and I accept that. I am so torn. I admit that I cannot imagine that my father was involved in this sordid matter and my heart goes out to the girl.

However, he is still my dad and I love him so. Please let me tell you about him and perhaps you can appreciate what he has and does mean to me, and why I believe that he does deserve kindness in your consideration.

Ever since I was a little girl, I knew that I had to share my father with others. There was not a day, and I mean not a day, that he was not involved helping other people. Our house had an open door to anyone in need. On Fridays, when observant Jews are busy preparing for the Sabbath, storing weekday things away, including phones, laptops and other electronic devices, bathing the children and dressing in one's Sabbath best, my dad could not afford that luxury. His Sabbath preparation could only be a mad rush to get ready. This was because, week after week, the entire day he would be busy until Sabbath candle lighting time, putting together packages of food for families who did not have food for that very Sabbath. Before he used to deliver the packages as well. And he had no means test. People who extended their hand for help, were always given enough for their entire family and more.

Recently, my husband was overseas on business, and I stayed at my parents with our kids. I saw, that despite his pressure and worry of this case, my father was still as consistent as always in his outreach. For example, their next-door neighbors are a very large family, good people but very poor. The father teaches during the afternoon and at night, and cannot really do a father's

task that is customary in our community. Namely to review the children's study and homework. This is especially important in the boys' Talmud study and other exacting subjects.

Well, I found that my father sits down with one of their sons every night. They review the work thoroughly because the pace and depth of the class require careful focus. The boy also feels that he can discuss issues and all sorts of questions with my father. The boy recently celebrated his barmitzvah for which my father prepared him. Every day when the boy returns from school, he runs over to my dad to show him his good marks and to discuss the recent test for which they had prepared. Apparently, he has become one of the best students in the class.

My father is so very devoted to his grandchildren and they to him – they cannot wait to be with Zaidy (grandpa in Yiddish). My son [REDACTED] will bring Zaidy his toys that got broken to fix, and they will sit down on the floor and work at it. He does the same with all the grandchildren. He plays with them all and joins in their children's games, and of course, he lets them win. I am shuddering and dreading what will happen the day that he has to be sent to prison. What a gut-wrenching ordeal for all these children, aside from their parents - when their world is bereft of Zaidy. I just think of my little daughter, [REDACTED]. How she always stretches out her hands to him when he opens his arms to her. She doesn't do that so quickly to my mom!


There was a case of a [REDACTED] who ran away from his family and they needed help and support. [REDACTED] needed help to get her to *get* (Jewish divorce) as well a civil divorce, and the husband was holding out with insane demands on the wife. Well my father spent so much helping the family, as well as sitting down and speaking with each of the children. Yes, he did help them financially, as much as he could, and got others to help as well. One of the sons needed a lot of attention and therapy. I do believe that because of my father's assistance to that family that the children adjusted and grew up normally and already some of them are married.

There is so much more that I could write about my dad, and I know my siblings have written to the Court, that I do not want to impose on Your Honor. I just reiterate that I cannot understand this case happening with my father who has spent his entire life doing good, helping others and protecting them. It is heartbreaking.

I would also ask Your Honor to consider my dear mother's well-being. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED] Your Honor, I have been asking how much more can this frail lady take, especially if my father is sent away for a lengthy term. She needs my father in her life. Please extend whatever kindness that you can. I fear for her well-being. Thank you in advance for considering the words from my heart.

Sincerely,


Sara Weiss